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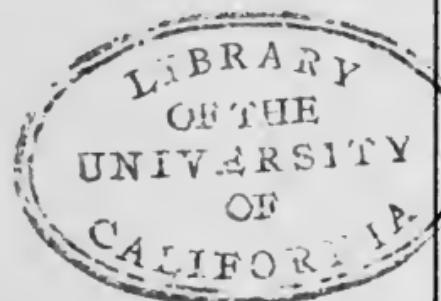
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"The Rube's Day is Done"

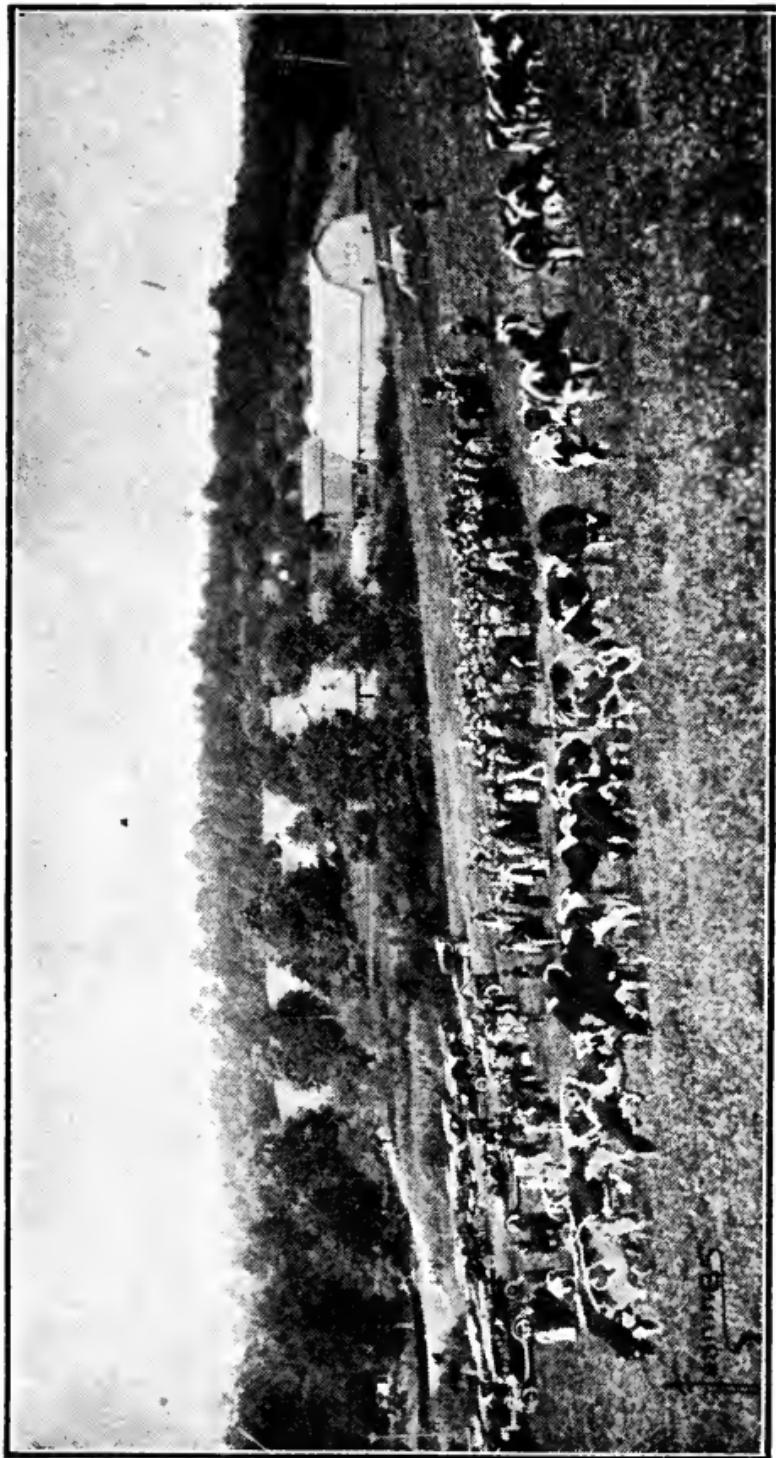
Forward to the Farm Why Not?



*Read This Booklet
Put It In Your Pocket
And Think It Over*

*Col. Arthur Woods
Assistant to the Secretary of War
Washington, D. C.*





Here you are — an up-to-date farm. The prosperous man who owns these beautiful acres can say, "This is the Life."

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Forward to the farm—Why not?

NOW that you have been cut loose from your old everyday life for two years or so, has it occurred to you that maybe you might get a fresh start in something different?

“This is the life!” may be said of the country as well as of the city, where the **A different life.** lights do burn brighter and longer, but not always with such good results as in more rural communities. How about it?

Maybe you’ve had such an idea of the quiet life while you were catching your breath between bouts with the Hun? Maybe you thought perhaps some day back home you would like to be boss of a tidy farm?

Yes, there is always something attractive about the country and the life there—maybe you would like to think it over now?

In order to help you, some very interesting facts and figures have been gathered within the pages of this little book, prepared under the direction of Col. Arthur Woods, assistant to the Secretary of War. Its purpose is NOT to make you feel that farming is the only life in the world; it merely is written to lay before you the pleasant and profitable side of life and work in the country—hard work, you had better believe, but work that will bring its own reward if you persist in it.

THREE is no get-rich-quick side to farming; neither do the best farms succeed when directed from a rocking chair on the back porch.

No get-rich-quick game. But if you mean business, if you are ready to work and willing and anxious to learn, there are all sorts of chances for you to wrest success and money from the bosom of Mother Earth. Mean-



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To-day.—Behold the one tractor tooling three plows without a bit of bother.



Yesterday.—Not so easy? Three "tractors" kicking up a lot of dust and doing one-third the work for a man who probably knows better to-day.

while you have every prospect of a happy and useful life. Read on:

Gasoline and cheap steel are turning upside-down old farming methods. Where once a man followed a furrow all day long, turning up the stubborn earth at the heels of a balky mule, he is now able to tool a tractor. Instead of slowly clacking to the village behind leaden-footed Dobbin, the up-to-date farmer skims around in his tin Lizzie. The scythe is now out of date and the binder has come into its own. The motor-truck express is looming on the horizon—nowadays the farmer speeds his produce to market. Labor-saving machinery is to-day his right-hand man. You won't have to travel far to see big business on the farm; it isn't all in the city corporation.

Farmers have coined big money in the past two years—more than in all the six years previous. Look at North Dakota—it has the greatest percentage of increase in income tax of any State in the Union, and almost all its people are farmers. They are important people, too. Are these farmers rubes? Fiddlesticks! The rube's day is done.

NOW, will these good times on the farm keep up? You can find folks who will say that the end of the war and world-wide peace will knock on the head the foreign demand for American food products. Of course this would mean a drop in the farmer's profits, but food experts tell us a different story. They say the high prices for everything produced on the farm will continue for many years.

"America, the bread basket of the world" is the way they put it.

The richest parts of Europe have been monstrously seared by war. Cattle and hogs are well nigh depleted. *"The world's bread basket."*

There are sections of France where not a chicken lives to tell the tale. The

great wheat fields of Russia lie wasted to the sun, unscratched by plow and choked with weeds. Europe has eaten up her reserves of foods—it will take many years to catch up again. For four years the great portion of European lands have been neglected; they have not been fertilized. The soil has been allowed to go back.

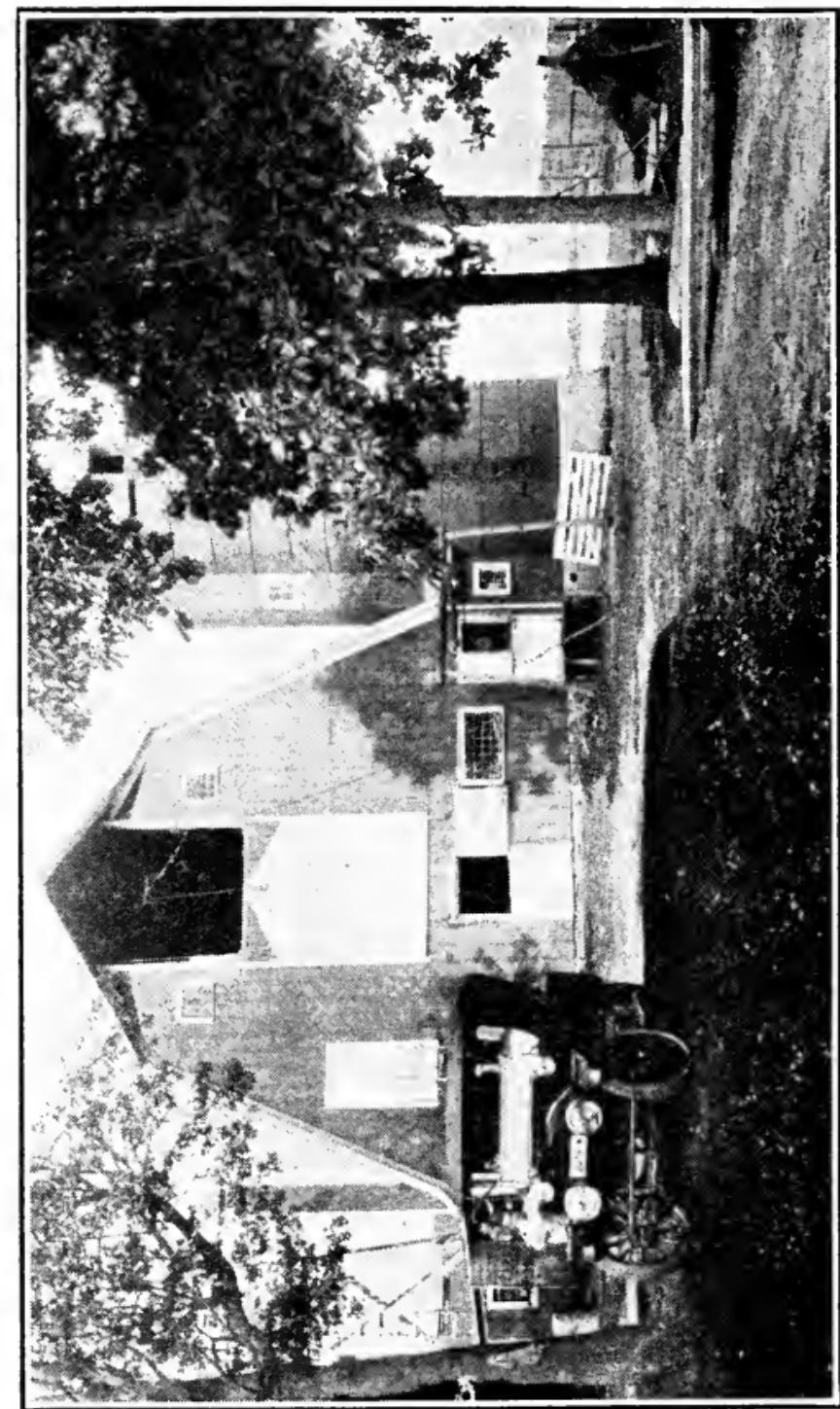
Who shall say that the American farmer has not now his great big chance?

Maybe you have made fun of Si Perkins and the life he leads. To many a sharp wit of the city the farmer and his folks seem narrow and unschooled. Perhaps it was true years ago, but it is not so now. The average farmer has had his schooling, and his children are better off than he was when he was a boy. In fact, the proprietor of a farm to-day is apt to be a scientific expert who has been to the State agricultural college. He receives frequent bulletins from the United States Department of Agriculture. He reads high-class magazines devoted to the farm and country life. He is wise and is getting wiser every day.

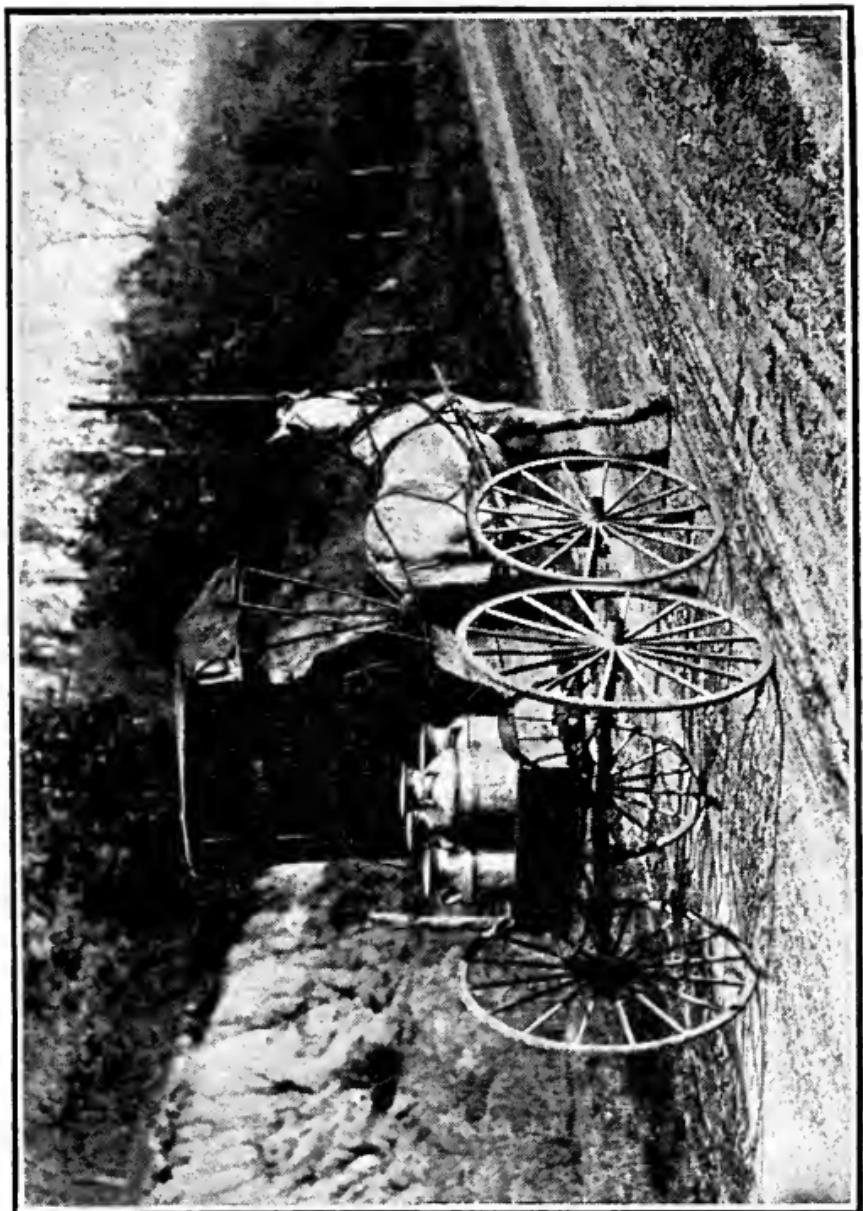
Your up-to-date farmer makes use of the Government agricultural organizations, which employ agents who secure the best information and send out bulletins. The Federal and State Governments maintain an extension service which advises and aids farmers on their own farms, helping them solve the tough problems as they come up.

IN THE winter the farmer may go to his State agricultural college and take a short course in the science of tilling the soil, for which he pays

The farmer gets no tuition. There are thousands of farmers who do this every year. Don't think that the American farmer has gone to seed—not by a long shot.



To-day.—Fifteen minutes and you are there with the goods.



Yesterday.—Poor Dobbin! Sometimes the milk was butter when he got there.

All very well, but your mind still clings to the bright lights. You don't want to live alone, far removed from other humans like yourself. Why should you? Life on the farm is not what it used to be. Good roads and the telephone have changed all that. Our latter-day farmer thinks his automobile is a necessity, just as his plow or his thrashing machine. He can run to the nearest town with his wife and the kids. He makes a friendly call any evening he wishes.

The telephone is universal on the farm and the farmer's wife more than likely chats with her best friend every day over the wire. The automobile very often takes the children to school and the country schools of America have produced more than their share of the big men and women of the country. But never forget that these men and women worked hard and persistently to achieve their present-day success.

THEN there is the plan of Mr. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, to provide work and homes for the boys who fought in France or who served in this country. He wants to create cooperative farm settlements in practically all the States. These settlements, Mr. Lane thinks, can easily be developed by discharged service men. They

Cooperative farms. would get the pay which prevails in that locality. After the settlements are made and the new farms operating, the plan allows these same workers to buy these going farms under mighty easy terms, with payments extending over many years. The cooperative farm settlement—it listens mighty well. Secretary Lane feels confident that it will be approved by the present Congress and started into operation by the boys who mopped up the Argonne and scuttled the tin fish of the Hun.

But what chance have you right now? Maybe you don't want to wait for this bill to pass. You want a chance to-day.

"What is there in it for me?" you ask.

Size yourself up. You will fall in one of three classes:

1. You have worked on a farm but have no capital.

2. You don't know the difference between a plowshare and a whiffletree, but you have some money.

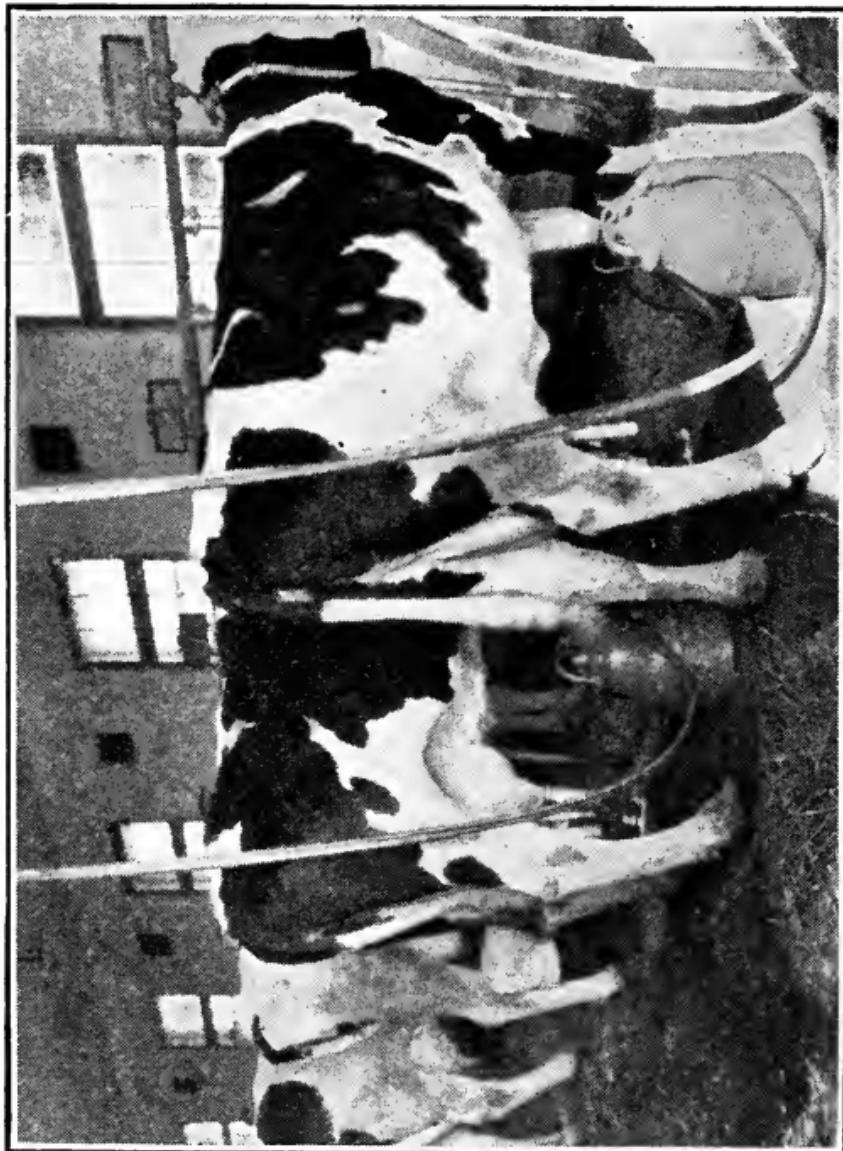
3. You never have worked on a farm and you have no money.

LET'S begin with No. 1. Pat yourself on the back, for there are plenty of men who envy you and wish they knew how to thresh wheat and prune apple trees, for if they did, they would beat

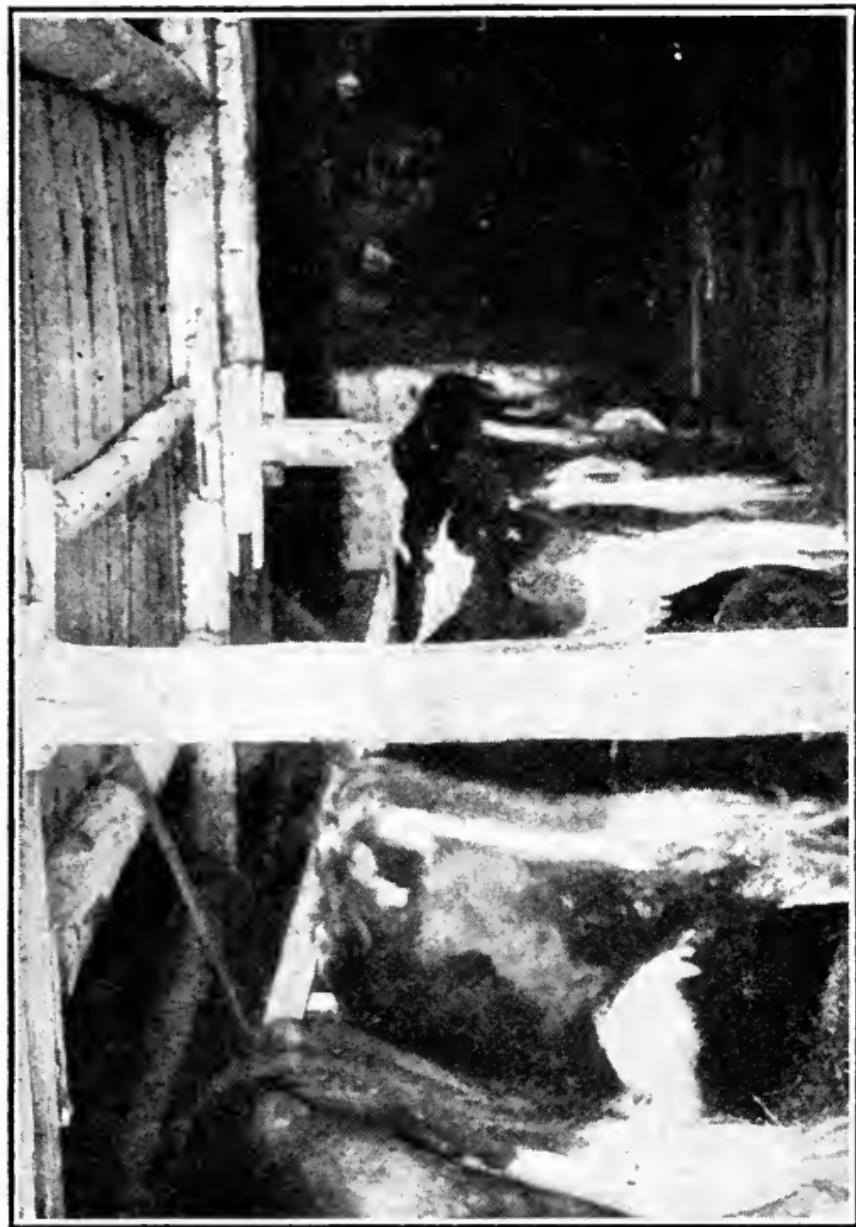
Are you in Class I? it from the city so fast you could not see them for the dust. You sure are in luck. You have an asset for success. It is an even bet that you can make far more money on the farm than you can in the city, unless you are a genius, and this book is not written for those rare birds. The grass may look greener somewhere else, the city perhaps, but when you look close it may be worn and wilted. Forward to the farm for you.

So great is the demand for skilled men in all parts of the country that they ask, and get, the highest wages. Good farm hands can draw down to-day twice what they drew five years ago. If you are one of these lucky ones, drop in at the Bureau for Returning Soldiers, Sailors, and Marines at the United States Employment Service in any city and you will be sent to a farm where you are really needed before you can think twice.

Suppose you had no farm experience at all, but you have a little money. What to do? It would



To-day.—Pretty nice proposition, this up-to-the-minute power dairy.



Yesterday.—Lucky if he didn't draw a few typhoid germs with this milk.

seem wise to look for a job on some up-to-date *Class II and your* farm for this summer where *chances.* you will be able to command good wages. Then next winter you could go to the agricultural college in your State. Now you have experience plus money. And experience always comes before success.

Or you can break into the farming game through another entrance. Connect up with a farmer who wants to retire, and with your capital go partners with him. But you will want to know something about the value of land before you invest your money, so work and study first. So much for Class 2.

And now for you lads who have neither experience nor money, Class 3. It will be necessary for you to work for some one else before you can

The man in Class hope to farm for yourself.

III. Size up your boss. See if he is progressive. In your mind's eye try to work out plans by which the farm could be made to pay better. You will work hard and long, but if you do your boss will have a tough job to get along without you, and all the time you are learning the game. Then when the chance comes, you can seize it.

Don't think that advancement is only possible in the city. Many a man has started as a farm-hand and by middle life has owned his broad acres, the envy of the city man who must live in a flat all his days.

THE Central West is calling aloud for all kinds of men, skilled and unskilled, to help harvest the mightiest wheat crop the world has ever seen. Last year's harvest was a record. This year will

Western harvest beat it by millions of bushels. *fields.* Kansas alone needs 100,000 men right away to garner her wheat and corn.

States to the north will require the same help later. The job is good until late September, and then there are other tasks which will keep everybody busy until the first snow falls.

Put this in your pipe and smoke it—the need for farm hands is so urgent that any man of ordinary strength and ability can be sure of a job in the harvest field at good wages. He gets 40 to 50 cents an hour if he has never done a day's work on a farm before and men who know the game command higher wages. Besides you get board and lodging for nothing.

Regular farm wages for permanent hands have steadily increased. Maybe you think they don't compare with city salaries, but the city man pays for his food and shelter, while the man on the farm get this gratis. The farm hand's pay is nearly all velvet—clear money. The married man who works on a farm very often gets a house and garden, and his meat and milk and fuel are either free or furnished him at a far less price than he could hope to obtain in the city.

HOW many clerks or office men, who think they are better off than the lad on the farm, clean up at the end of the month more than he does?

Can save money on the farm. The city man hires a small room for perhaps \$15 a month; his board costs him \$35. He has to buy better clothes in the city and his bill for incidentals is not light.

The hired man on the farm can save more at \$40 a month than a hundred-dollar-a-month man can in the city.

Farmers are willing to start an unskilled man who means to make good at \$35 a month, which will soon be \$50. Figure it out. You will find that \$50 a month with room and board will let you put as much in the savings bank as a \$1,500-a-year salary

in an average city, where things cost a heap sight more.

Shall it be forward to the farm for you?

For further information concerning—

Secretary Lane's Reclamation Plan, write

Reclamation Service, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C.; or, employment office at demobilization camps.

Regular Farm Labor, get in touch with

Bureau for Returning Soldiers and Sailors, in any city; United States Employment Service; or, employment office at demobilization camps;

Agricultural county agents, Farm Bureau Office, at the county seat or largest town in every county.

Harvest Labor, write

Mr. A. F. Barkman, United States Employment Service, Kansas City, Mo.; or,

Mr. F. E. Frizzell, Farm Labor Specialist, Larned, Kans.

Partnership Opportunities, address

Mr. W. P. Schanck, Farm Service Bureau, Departments of Farms and Markets, Albany, N. Y.

United States Employment Service, demobilization camps.

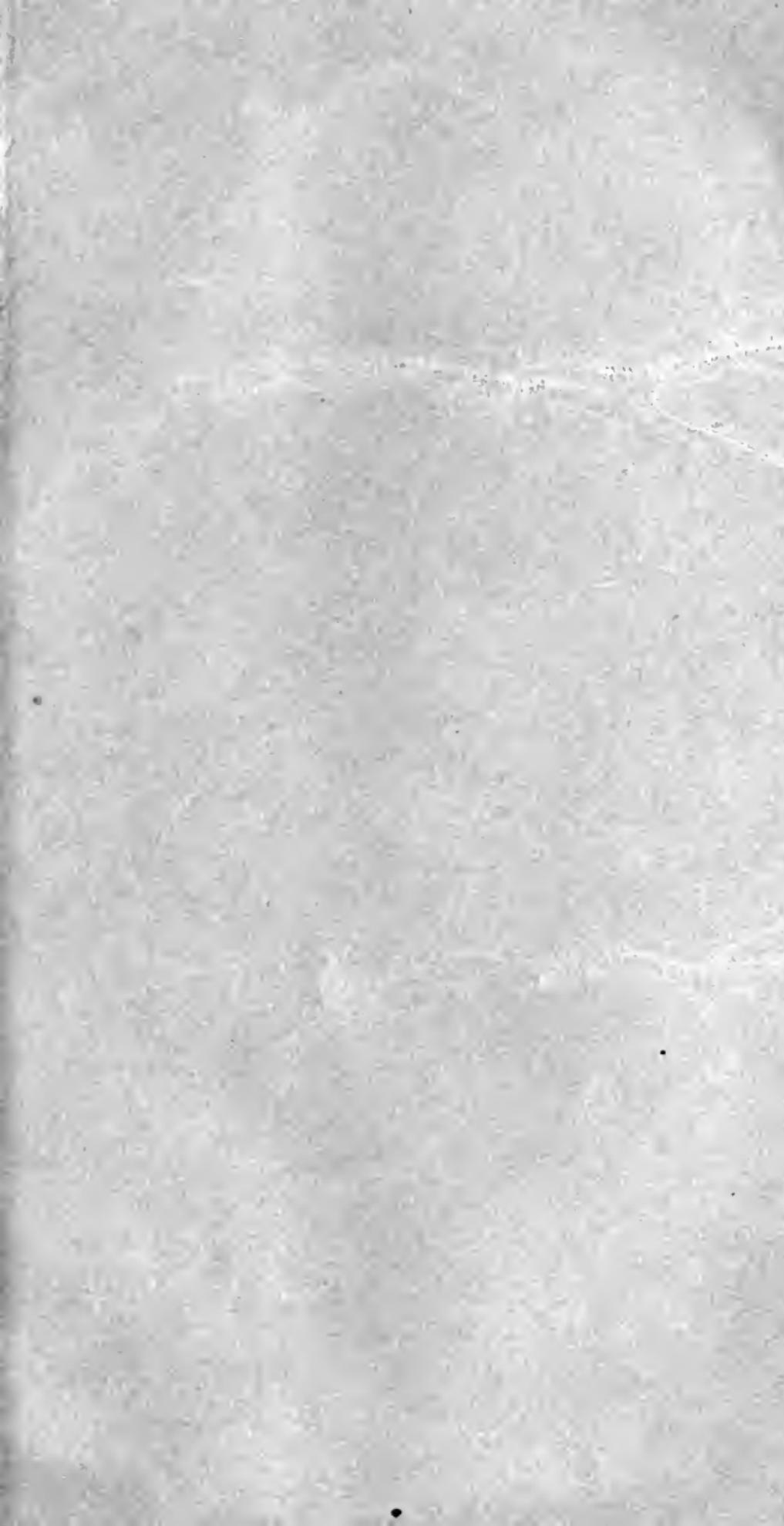
General Information and Advice regarding farm conditions in any State,

Director of Extension Service, State agriculture college.

It is the earnest desire of the War Department that all service men should be satisfactorily employed. If you wish to obtain a desirable farm position and are not able to get employment write to

*Col. Arthur Woods,
Assistant to the Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.*





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